STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A MILLION DOLLARS

BY INGERSOLL LOCKWOOD.

Old New Yorkers may remember Dingee's famous club house in lower Green street. From 1800 to 1850 it was the most fashionable gambling-house in the metropolis, its founder, Alphonse Dingee, having been the first to introduce rouletts and rouge et noir into the new world. It was in 1850, or a little later that ill-health obliged his son Cyrill to sell the business out. He retired to his countryseat at Bricksburg, quite a palatial residence for those days, where he died shortly after, leaving a round million dotlars and one child, a daughter, Daisy. Spite of the fact that she was popularly known throughout the country as the "gambler's daughter," there were several respectable young men in the place who would have been only too happy to administer an estate worth a round million with Daisy thrown in for better or worse.

But Daisy Dingee knew whatshe wanted, and it was nothing more nor less than an alliance with the most aristocratic family in the county, to-wit: the Delurys, whose large, white mansion at the other end of the town was as tumble-down and shabby looking as Daisy's was neat, fresh and well kept. Miss Dingee, therefore, proceeded to throw herself at the head of one Monmouth Delury. mentally and physically a colorless sort of an individual, who for want of sufficient intellect to make an honest living, passed his time going to seed with the thousand or so acres of land belonging to him and his maiden sisters, Hetty, Prudence and Martha, three women who walked as stiff as they talked, although they never were known to discuss any subject other than the Delary family.

When Dairy's proposition was made known to them hey tried to faint, but were too stiff to fall over, and were obliged to content themasi es with gasping out: "What! Dainy Dingee marry our brother

-the head of the Celury family?" entered the brotaer's head, and he clung to it with a parent's affection for his first-born. In a few months Mr. and Mrs. Monmouth Delury set out for Paris with that proverbial speed with which Americans betake themselves to the French capital when occasion offers. They found it a much pleasanter place than Bricksburg. Delury improved rapidly and Daisy fell quite in love with him, made her will in his favor, contracted the typhoid fever and

Whereupon, the really disconsolate wid ower sent for his three sisters to join him. They had but one objection to going-that was to part company with the dear old homestead, but they overcame it the day after receiving Monmonth's letter, which dappened to be a Friday, and took the Satarday's steamer.

To confess the truth, the Delurys had been so land-poor that their spare, aristocratic figures were rather the result of necessity than inclination. Six months of Paris life, under the benign protection of Dingee's round million, made different women of them. It was wonderful what a metamorphosis Parisian dress-makers and restaurateurs effected in their figures. They became round and plump. They stopped talking about Bricksburg, signed themselves the Misses Delury, of New York, enrolled themselves as patrons of art, gave elegant dinners and in a very short time set up pretensions to being the leaders of the American colony.

But remorseless fate was at their heels Figure unearthed the secret of old Dingee's million, and the Delurys suddenly found themselves the sensation of Paris, but the butt of ridicule in the comic papers, Mon-mouth had been in poor health for several mouths, and this killed him.

Dingee's million was now in the eye of the law divided up among his three sisters. but fate willed it otherwise, for the following year Hetty, the eldest, died of Roman fever, and six moths later Prudence fell s victim to rat-poison in a small hotel at Grasse, city of delightful odors in the south of France, whither she had gone in search of halmy air for her sister Martha, who had suddenly developed symptoms of consump-

Left thus alone in the world, with old Dingee's million and an incurable ailment Martha's only ambition was to reach Bricksburg and die in the old white Delury mansion. It seemed to her that its great spacious rooms would enable her to breathe more easily and to fight death off for possibly another year.

But it was not to be. She got as far as Paris, when old Dingee's million again changed hands, going this time by will to Martha's only relatives, twin brothers, John and William Winkletip, producedealers in Washington street, New York. The will was a peculiar one, as was to be expected: "I give, devise and bequeath all the property popularly known as the 'Dinges million' to my cousins. to my cousins John and William Winkletip, producedealers of New York, as joint-tenants for their lives and the life of each of them, with remainder over to the eldest son of the survivor, bis heirs and assigns forever, provided that said remainder man shall be of full age at the time of his father's istry of the Methodist Episcopal Church and devote his life and the income of this estate to the encouragement of legislative enactment throughout the United States for the suppression of gambling and wager

In default of such male heir, the Dingee million was to be divided up among certain religious and eleemosynary institu-

When the cablegram from Paris, informing them of their extraordinary luck, reached the Winkletip Brothers, they were down in the cliar of the old tenement which served as their place of business, with their long jean coats on, busily engazed in sorting onions. As the Winkletips were only a little past fifty, and as strong as hickory knots, their families were quite satisfied to get only a life estate in the Dingee million, for, barring accidents, the brothers had twenty-five or thirty years to live yet.

True, brother John had a son, Cyrus, who

would soon be of age, but he was a worth less wight, whose normal condition was alcoholic stupor, barely characterized with antheient lucidity to enable him to distinguish rotten vegetables from sound. He will die years before his father, every one remarked, and then the gambler's money will do where it ought to go.

There had been a fire next door to the Winkletips about the time the good news had arrived from Paris-a huge wareiouse had burned down, leaving a brick wall towering sixty feet above the old wooden tenement in which the brothers did business. They had given notice to the authorities, but the inspectors had proponneed the wall perfectly safe. So the two brothers continued to come and go; in their best Sunday clothes, however, for they were only engaged in settling up the old business.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the huge wall fell with a terrific crash upon the wooden tenement, crushing it like an egg-shell. When the two brothers were taken out from the ruins John was pronounced dead, and a coroner's permit was given to remove him to a neighboring undertaker's establishment. William lived six boars, conscious to the last and grateful to an all wise Providence that his worthless nephew would now be excluded from any control over the Dingee million.

ohn Winkletip was a grass widower, his wife, an Englishwoman, having abandoned him and returned to England, and for many years he had made his home with his only other child, a widowed daughter, Mrs. Timmins, who was openly opposed to many of her father's peculiar notions, as she termed them, one of which was his strong advocacy of cremation, he being one of the original stockholders and at the time of his death a director of the Long Island Crema-

Consequently Mrs. Timmins gave orders that immediately after the coroner's into her residence in Harlem, but as the offieers of the cremation society held the solemply-executed direction and authorization of their late friend and associate to cinerate his remains, they were advised the counsel of their corporation that such an instrument would justify them in g possession of the remains at the

mine's threatened interference, they resolved not to risk even the delay necessary to procure a burial casket; in fact it would be a useless expense anyway, and consequently John Winkletip began his last ride on earth lying in the cool depths of the undertaker's ice-box. As Mrs. Timmins's cab turned into Wash-



"The Hearse Was Just Ahead of Them."

ington street she met a hearse, but not un-til she had reached the undertaker's establishment was her suspicion transformed into certainty by being told that her father's body was already on its way to the crematory. Mrs. Timmins was a long-headed woman. She knew the uncertainties of cab transportation through the crowded streets below Canal, and dismissing ber cab at the Chambers-street station of the Third-avenue elevated, she was soon speeding on her way to the Long Island City ferry. This she reached just as a boat was leaving the slip. Misfortune number one. When she finally reached the Long Island side, she threw herself into the carriage nearest at hand, crying out:

"To the crematory. Five dollars extra, f you get me there in time!" It was not many minutes before Mrs. limmins became aware of the fact that the horse was next to worthless and could scarcely be lashed into a respectable Every minute her head was thrust out of the window to urge the backman to greater speed. There was but one consoling thought —the hearse itself might get blocked or

As again and again her head was thrust out of the carriage window, her hair became disheveled, for she had removed her hat, and the superstitious Hibernian on the box was upon the point of abandoning his post at eight of the wild and crazed look presented by Mrs. Timmins. Was she not some one's ghost making this wild and mysterious ride? But the promise of an extra \$5 kept the man on the box.

Suddenly a cry of joy escaped Mrs. Tim-mins's lips. The hearse was just ahead of them, but its driver had the better horses. and, half suspecting that something was wrong, he whipped up vigorously and disappeared in a cloud of dust. Mrs. Timmins's horse was now as wet as if he had been dipped into the river, and she expected every minute to see him give out; but, strange to say, he had warmed to his work, and now, in response to the driver's urging, broke into a run.

Again Mrs. Timmins caught a glimpse of the black coach of death in the dust-clouds shead of her. The race became every instant more exciting. It was a strange sight, and instinctively the farmers in their returning vegetable-wagons drew aside to et them pass. Once more the hearse disappeared in the dust-clouds. This was the ast Mrs. Timmins saw of it until she drew up in front of the crematorium. There it stood with its black doors thrown wide open. She had come too late! Her father's body had already been thrust into the fiery

The antagonism of Winkletip's family to his views concerning the cremation of the dead was an open secret with every attache of the society, and the men in charge were determined that the society should come out the winner. They were on the lookout for the body. Everything to the minutest detail was in readiness. The furnace had been pushed to its greatest destroying power, and hence was it that haste overcame dignity when the foam-flecked and panting horses of the undertaker drew up n front of the entrance to the crematory. The ice-chest was snatched from the hearse, borne hurriedly into the furnace-room, set upon the iron platform, wheeled into the very center of the white flames, whose waving, curling, twisting tongues seemed reaching out to their fullest length, impatient for their prey, and the iron doors slammed shut with a loud resounding

At that instant a woman, hatless and breathless, with disheveled hair burst into

"Hold! Hold!" she shricked, and then her hands flew to ber face and, stargering backward and striking heavily against the wall, she sank limp and lifeless in a heap on the stone floor of the furnace-room. But the two men in charge had neither eyes nor ears for Mrs. Timmins. As the doors closed they sprang to their posts of observation in front of the two peep-holes, and stood wetching the effect of the flames upon the huge ice-chest. Its wooden covering parted bere and there with a loud crack, laying bare the metal case, from the seams of which burst fitful puffs of steam. Then came a sight so strange and curious that the two men held their breath as they gazed upon it! By the vaporizing of the water from the melted ice the flames were pushed back from the chest and it lay there for an instant as if protected by some

miraculous Aura Then happened something which caused the men to reel and stagger as if their limbs were paralyzed by drunk, and which paintd their faces with as deep a pallor as death's own hand could have laid upon

From the furnace depths came forth a dull, muffled cry of "Help! help!" Making a desperate effort, the men tore open first the onter and then the inner doors of the fire chamber. As the air rushed in, the lid of the metal chest burst silently open. Again the cry of "help!" rang



"Again the Cry of 'Halt!" Rang Out." out, and two bands quivered for an instant above the edge of the chest, then with a loud and defiant roar the flames closed in upon it, and began to lick it up ravenously, The doors were banged shut, and John Winkletip bad his way.

But the Dingee million seemed to draw back instinctively from the touch of the worthless Cy Winkletip.

With loud cries of joy, the various beneficiaries under Martha Delury's will now discovered that Cyrus Winkletip was born on the 11th day of August, and that as his father had departed this life on the 10th day August the son was not of full age when his father died. But the law put an end to this short-lived joy by making known one of its curious bits of logic which so often startle the layman. It was this: The law takes no note of parts of a day, and therefore as Cyrus Winkletip was of age on the first minute of his twenty-first birthday, he was also of age on the last minute of the day before-consequently on the first minute of the day before he was twenty-one. This gave the Dingee million to Cy

Under constant and stringent surveillance and tutelage, Cy Winkletip was, after several years of as close application as was taking possession of the remains at the very earliest moment possible and removing them to the crematory.

Warned by the undertakers of Mrs. Tim

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Warned by the undertakers of Mrs. Tim

Taking possession of the remains at the deemed safe, in view of his weak mental farewell to the stage. It is just twenty papa has been shot."

Sims Reeves has again bidden a "final farewell" to the stage. It is just twenty papa has been shot."

Sims Reeves has again bidden a "final farewell" to the stage. It is just twenty papa has been shot."

The servant departed in haste.

Delury's will. At last, the wicked Dingee "final farewell" concerts.

Sims Reeves has again bidden a "final farewell" to the doctor that but that's not my nature."

And she turned to the buffet, bent down, opened one of the doors, and began to search among the bottlea."

million seemed safely launched upon its task of undoing the wrong it had done; but Cy Winkletip's mind ran completely down in five years, and he died a wretched,

Mrs. Timmins was inclined to warn of the Dingee million with a gesture of horror, but, yielding to the solicitation of her friends, she consented to take title in order that she might create a trust with it for some good and noble purpose. To this end by a last will and testament, she created and endowed the American Society for the Suppression of Gambling and Wager-laying, and then died.

The trustees at once began to erect the buildings called for, but before the society had had an opportunity to suppress a sin-gle gaming establishment the lawyers, at the prayer of Mrs. John Winkletin, Mrs. Timmins's mother, fell, tooth and nail, upon the trust, which was declared too "vague, shadowy and indefinite to be executed," and the Dingee million, its roundness now sadly shrunken, made its way across the ocean to Mrs. John Winkletip, of Clapham common, London. She died last year, and with her the wanderings of the Dingee million came to an end. She willed it to trustees for building

and maintaining a hospital for stray dogs and homeless cats, and those learned in the law say that the trust will stand. [Copyright, 1891; all rights reserved.]

VOYAGE WITH MME. BLAVATSKY, The Summary Manner in Which She lenced a Skeptical First Officer.

New York Evening Sun. A man who has traveled a good deal in the East related to a reporter an entertaining story of an experience he had with Mme. Blavatsky during a voyage down the west coast of India. He said: "Early in May, 1880, I took passage from Bombay for Columbo in Ceylon on one of the comfortable little coasting steamships of the British India Navigation Company.

"The fun of the trip consisted in the de-

ight that the old woman took in making ife miserable for the first officer of the vessel, a huge, raw-boned, awkward Scotchman, with fiery red hair and whiskers, and an inborn hatred of anything in the way of religious belief that deviated an iota from the faith of his own Presbyterian Church. "From the very first bour after sailing from Bombay harbor the first officer had wrangled with Mme. Blavatsky in argument until at last he openly declared he believed she was the only daughter of the Father of Lies, and added that he prayed to heaven that the ship bearing such an unholy person might reach port in safety. trot. Mrs. Timmins was nearly frantic. For his part he doubted it, but he prayed it mariner's opinion only caused the old woman to shake with laughter. Finally, one evening as we sat over the coffee and raisins after dinner, she told him that she was weary of his pig-headed disbelief in her powers to force natural laws to assist her in performing what he was pleased to call showmen's tricks, and that she meant to teach him then and there to hold his

> "'Vera well, madame, do it if ye can. I'm sure ye're truly welcome to try,' he replied, with a speer. "'Have you a bandkerchief in your pocket?' she asked. "He unbuttoned his coat and handed her

his handkerchief, a plain cotton one with parrow blue border. "Mme. Blavatsky tossed it on the table in front of her, pushed away her plate, cof-fee-cup and glasses and pulled her chair in as close to the table as she could. I was sit- | ders. ting directly beside her, and watched her with the greatest interest, as, indeed, did all the rest, the first officer looking on from his place at the foot of the table, only a few feet away, with a very plain sneer on rugged face.

"Having cleared the space in front of her she placed both elbows on the edge of the table, picked up the handkerchief and began to roll it into as small a compass as she could. Then having done so, she squeezed it in her two fists until she turned scarlet in the face and then almost purple. The perspiration started out on her forehead and ran down her face and neck, but still she squeezed harder and barder, with her eyes tightly shut, and as we watched her an expression of pain came on her face, and the color rapidly faded away until she was as livid as a corpse.

"I suppose all this occupied two minutes, certainly not more, and then she opened her bands and gasped as if her throat were parched from thirst. Colonel Otcott motioned us to be silent, and in a few moments she opened her eyes and a faint color came back to her face. She made an effort to speak, but could only whisper, "Give it to him," and at the same time pointing to the handkerchief. It was handed to the Scotchman, who looked somewhat anxious as he opened it, and utterly astounded when he found his monogram most exquisitely embroidered in the center, the letters being in white silk and inclosed in a circle of light blue of the same color as the printed bor-der of the handkerchief. The diameter of the circle was about two inches.

"For a moment the first officer looked iutently at the monogram, then at the pale but triumphant old woman who was gazing at him with blazing eyes, and then he ut-tered a mighty oath and walked away to his cabin on the forward deck. During the rest of the voyage he would not come near her, speak to her, nor sit at the table while she was there, and the only thing he would say about the affair was to repeat the hope that the vessel would be permitted by Providence to reach Ceylon in eafety.'

A Type-Writer Girl's Experience.

Chicago Hera d. Not long ago a young lady told me her experience with a very prominent business man. She said she had been employed as type-writer by him for months, and still is, but everything is different now from what it was at first. She said: "There never was a purer, better man than Mr. - I took his dictations for the longest time, and never a thought came into his head or mine of anything but business. Finally his desk was placed in a more public part of the

"The first day that I sat there I commenced to get stared and winked at. Menthought no more of giving me a broad ear and wink than as if I had publicly announced myself ready to receive such compromising notice. Of course, I could say nothing about it. Then, men who knew Mr. - would come in and say, 'Ah! got a type-writer! I'll have to tell your wife! It became so uncomfortable that I dreaded to take dictations.

"But that was not the worst of it. I gave an entirely different atmosphere to my position. From both being unconscious of each other personally, we both-or I did. and I presume he did-commenced to wonder just what the other was thinking of. If he was not such a good man, and I myself was not proof against any sentiment, I know that before this we would have been interested in each other. As it is, it is anything but comfortable. We both know that we are expected to fall in love with each other, if we have not already done so, believe two-thirds of the liaisons between type-writers and business men have been forced upon them in this way.

They Worship a Log. There is a log of yellowish colored wood standing just outside of Ch'l Hus Gate Peking. This log has remained in its pres-ent position since the fall of the old Ying dynasty. It is in good, preservation, and has commanded the respect of all classes and conditions of people. Insects in China usually make inroads on timber in a very short while, but they are said never to alight upon this sacred tree trunk, and it is true that they have not left a

le trace of their work upon while the timbers in every direction are a perfect honeycomb of insect work. The Chinese people believe that the log is the habitation of some god, and, on that account, gather and worship at its base at least once a year. Among the and said: higher classes the day for this unique "I'm aff species of worship is the first of each suchave told ceeding month, unless that day should hapnen to be new-moon day. On Oct. 1 of every year the Emperor commands the board of ceremonies to appoint a committee to pay

their respects to the detfied log. The Immaterial and the Material.

Philadelphia Record. "It makes but little difference about th body," remarked one pretty young woman to another as they promenaded down Chestnut street yesterday, to the great delight of a clergyman who was walking just behind them with a friend, and who had not looked for such an unworldly atterance. "All I care about is the skirt," went on the fair speaker, and the minister's face

A Long but Not a Last Farewell.

THE SHALLOWS

If Frederick Elson had not been a successful lawyer he might have mistrusted his own judgment of human nature. But he had broken down so many witnesses by the skillful application of his psychological theories that he had come to regard his own idea of any character as something to be received with awe and entertained with reverence. That was why he shook his head as he leaned back in the big wickerwork chair on Mr. Breece's veranda. He was smoking a cigar and contemplating through half-closed eyes the spectacle of Ellen Breece-commonly called Nellie-playing tennis with three young things in kneebreeches and stockings. Frederick Elson regarded them with the amused contempt of thirty-five years of life and five years of brilliant success. He did not bestow any of the contempt on the girl. No man could do that. She was altogether too beautiful, and while Elson shook his head he could not help admiring her.

"Come, Mr. Elson!" she called, waving her racket at him: "come down here and keep score for us. You look too lazy and useless for anything sitting up there half

Elson rose and walked slowly down the steps. He was too good natured to resent the girl's easy impadence, and too conscious of his own personal force to notice the smiles of the young things with down on their lips. "Miss Nellie," he said, "I know very little

about tennis, and your father expects me in the library in half an hour to talk over "Well, the case will keep. It's been keeping long enough, goodness knows, and it can wait till our game is over. Now, theu,

Mr. Dennis, it's your serve."

"Oh, really, though, is it?" asked the young thing. "Yes, really, though, it is," answered the girl, mockingly, at the same time sending a mischievous and bewitching glance at him from her deep gray eyes. The young man fairly gasped with delight, as he stood motionless gazing at the girl's face. She stamped her little foot, and cried:

"Play, you ninny! Don't stand there like s wax figure. The youth served the ball rather feebly and the girl was at once transformed into tennis girl is the modern ideal of Diana. At any rate she has health and activity and develops the human form divine. Nellie Breece, playing tennis, was lovely to look upon. Her light-brown bair had a marvelous touch of gold in it, and, coiled up tightly under her tennis hat, it looked like a half-concealed crown. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips parted, and her brilliant, strong white teeth flashed between them. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbow, scorning sunburn and displaying a forearm of delicious symmetry. The three young men who were engaged in the game with her watched her movements with their hearts in their eyes. It was plain that they worshiped her. And it was equally evident that she accepted the worship as her just right, and had no notion of giving anything in return for it except the inestimable privilege of obeying her or-

"That's out! Oh, you goose!" she exclaimed to her partner, Mr. Frank Hark-ness, a pale, faultless-looking youth. The poor fellow had caught her eye just as he was about to strike the ball, and she had given him a look which made him pommel the helpless little sphere with undue force and sent it far out of bounds. And then, of course, she blamed him for it. There was no disputing the fact that she was a true daughter of Eve.

"I'm very sorry," began Harkness.
"Oh, what's the use of being sorry?" she cried, with a bewitchingly transparent pretense of anger. "Well, what else can I do?" asked the young man. "Shall I kneel and ask for

forgiveness?"
Without waiting for an answer droped on one knee, and seizing her hand raised it toward his lips. But she snatched it away and gave him a resounding box of the ear. Then, before the other two youths could enjoy his discompture and before he could quite realize what had happened, she bent over him with great gentleness and

"Oh, I'm so sorry I hit you so hard." "Don't mention it, I beg of you," ex-claimed the enraptured youth. "I didn't mind it; indeed-I rather like it, you know. At that she mercilessly boxed his other ear, and went capering over the grass sing-

He likes it, he likes it, he does." Elson watched all this with curious eyes. and as the girl went waltzing over the grass, said to himself:

"She's a witch!" At that moment Mr. Breece appeared or the veranda and beckoned to the young lawver. "Come, Elson," he said, "I don't like to break in on your pleasure; but I have to go to the city to-morrow, and then you can play tennis with Nellie and the boys all

"Play tennis!" cried Nellie. "Mr. Elson play tennis! He was playing the judge, that's what he was playing. There was a little note of gennine vexation in the girl's voice which made Elson stop and look at her inquiringly. Then, as he turned to go into the house, he said to

"She wishes to bring me to her feet, too. e only knew that I am half down already; but it won't do, Fred, it won't do." Elson had been visiting at Mr. Breece' country house for nearly a week. He had accepted his client's invitation to escape the heat of the city for a short time in the dull season. The visit, moreover, gave the two men opportunities to discuss, at their leisure, an important case which the younger was to handle for the older at the next term. On arriving at Mr. Breece's place. Elson had seen Nellie for the first time. Her beauty had attracted him, and at first her voiatile ways had simply be witched him. He was sufficiently skilled in self-examination to discover in about forty-eight hours after his arrival that he was rapidly falling in love with this effer-vescent girl of twenty-one. Then he pulled himself together and indulged in some wholesome reflection.

"This will never do. That girl is a shallow, careless, thoughtless doll. She is very beautiful, there is no denying that. But she is all surface. The old saying is: 'The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb.' That's the thing that applies to her. She is a marmuring shallow. Why, the fellow that marries a girl like that would go hungry for the deep sympathy of a real womanly nature all his life. All she desires is amusement, fun, freedom from care. she is unfit to be the life companion of a student, a thinker, a man of brains—for instance, myself. It won't do, Frederick; you mustn't let the warm, bubbling, physical beauty of this girl carry you off your mental and emotional balance. You'll be sorry for it as long as you live if you do." So he began to hold himself aloof from the girl; spent more time among Mr. Breece's books or in solitary rambles about the country. The girl was not blind. She saw that Mr. Elson, who had been somewhat attentive to her when he first arrived had ceased to bestow as much of his consideration upon her.

"He thinks I'm too young and frivolous for a man of his age to notice. Well, all right; he needn't notice me, then," she reflected. "But I'll make it interesting for The next morning Mr. Breece went to the city. Mrs. Breece, who was an invalid and

seldom left her apartments, sent for Elson "I'm afraid you'll find it dull to-day. I have told Nellie to take you for a walk up to the top of Cormorant Hill. The view is worth the trouble. And this afternoon think you may feel inclined to drive." "My dear Mrs. Breece," said Elson, "I trust you will not burden your mind with me for a moment. I can amuse myself cap-

When he had reached the lower floor again he found Nellie waiting for him. "Mamma says I am to take you to the top of Cormorant Hill; do you think you can

"Do What?" "Climb a hill." "I don't know. I'm willing to try, if you are going with me. "Come on, then," she said. "One moment. I don't wish you to feel under any obligation to take me up that

hill. If there is anything else you would rather do I beg you to dismiss me from

hat and the next instant was dancing down the lawn, while Elson followed more sedately. She turned and saw him moving slowly forward. She lifted up the clear, strong voice and caroled a snatch from "lo-

Let's depart, Dignified and stately. Elson smiled as he came up with her, and "Are you always so effervescent?"

"Pretty much always. Don't you like it?"

"I should think you would get tired of it "And I should think you would get tired of being so solemn and stupid. "I'm not always stupid, Miss Nellie," he

"Oh, no. I suppose in court before a lot of prosy old judges, or jurymen, or some-thing, you aren't exactly stupid; but you must be an awfully prosy person." "You aren't very complimentary."
"No; I'm not fond of blarney." "You like people to speak and deal honestly with you?"

"Yes, of course; don't you?"
"Yes; but may I ask you why you don't do

it vourself?" She stopped short, and the color rose in her cheeks. "Met do you mean, Mr. Elson?"
"Let us get up the hill first," he said, "and I'll explain to you afterward." They began the ascent, and for a few moments the girl wassilent. Then suddenly she threw back her head and began to laugh. Her hat had fallen off, her beauti-

and her cheeks were like two ripe apples. Yet in her eyes there was a faint shadow of annovance. "Come, Carlo!" she called to the dog; "here's a butterfly. Let us catch him and make him be serious. She bounded away up the side of the hill, while Elson followed steadily and at a

good pace.

ful hair was blown into a bewildering mass,

"I have angered her," he said; "however, I'm in for it now. I meant to pique her On arriving at the top of the hill he found the girl standing under a tree. "There's the view;" she said shortly, waving her hat, "look at it." Then she deliberately turned her own back upon it. Elson burst out laughing.

She wheeled and glared upon him. "This view is not usually regarded as funny," she said. "I wash't laughing at the view," he an-"Oh!" she exclaimed; "I'm flattered. See here, Mr. Elson, you began to lecture me at the foot of the hill, and at the top of it you laugh at me. Suppose we go back a little.

What did you mean by what you said to "I accused you of not dealing honestly. I meant this: Do you think it right to make those three young men worship you when "Oh!" she cried, bursting into laughter that sounded almost hysterical, "is that

"Isn't that enough?" "Why those boys, boys-they worship every girl that smiles at them. It's perfectly absurd-why, it's folly to talk about it! Mr. Elson, you're an impertment old She turned like a flash of light, jumped

over a log, and went bounding down the hillside. Elson followed, and beard her voice ringing up among the trees: Mock me no more with Love's beguiling dream, A dream, I find, illusory as sweet; One swile of friendship, nay of cold esteem, Is dearer far than passion's blind deceit!

"She's moorrigible," muttered Elson. "Yet I suppose I had no business to lecture her, especially as I would gratify myself a good deal more if I could speak my real feelings. It won't do. I must get away from this place. I'm not incurable yet, but shall be if I stay here. No man could resist the marvelous charm of that little witch. Yet I know she's a modern siren. and would lure me to destruction on the rocks in shallow waters. Why, what would a man's life be worth tied to such a shallow, frivolous nature as hers? But, my soul, she is passing beautiful!" So he continued to commune with him self till he reached the house. There he

found the girl sitting in an easy chair on "Ah!" she said, "the tortoise has caught up with the hare at last. I hope you enjoyed your walk, Mr. Elson. "It has done me a great deal of good," he said, gravely, bowing and passing into the

The girl followed him with her eyes. A the door closed behind him she sprang to her feet with clinched hands and com-

"I hate that man!" she exclaimed. Then the blood rushed into her cheeks and she threw up her hands and covered her face with them. She was a queer girl. She stood silently in that attitude for few seconds, till the dog came and rubbed his big head against her gown. Then she dropped her hands to caress him, and said: Come, Carlo, you and I will go and see how the chickens are getting on."

And away she went, dancing and singing across the lawn, with the happy-looking dog capering beside her. As for Elson, he was endeavoring to concentrate his mind on the mild and insipid conversation of Mrs. Breece, but his ears were strained to catch the faintest echo of the fresh young

voice outside. Elson's visit was to end three days later. and during the next forty-eight hours he avoided the girl as much as he could without being guilty of marked discourtesy. She perceived that he tried to avoid her, and she became more carsiess and frivolou in her manner, which simply deepened Elson's conviction that he was wise. But he found wisdom, like medicine, rather

The night before he was to depart the young lawyer retired to his apartment early, with the intention of taking a good night's rest before returning to the turmou and barbarity of city life. But he found that it was one thing to determine to rest and another thing to do it. After tossing about restlessly for an hour or more, in the course of which the house had sunk into the peaceful quiet of sleep, he sat up in bed, clasped his hands over his knees, and muttered andibly:

"Confound the girl!" He yawned, stretched himself, looked out of the window. "By Jove!" he muttered, "it's a glorious night. I'll have a comfortable smoke by the light of the moon. That'll settle my nerves, and then I can go to sleep." He arose and partly dressed himself, for he had no fancy for catching cold. Com pleting his simple toilet by putting on a smoking-jacket, he sat down by the window and lit a cigar. He smoked slowly and meditatively, and it was three-quarters of an hour before he threw the stump out on the grass and rose from his chair. As

he did so, he heard a distant scuffling of feet somewhere in the house, followed by s shout. The young lawyer bounded toward the door of his room just as a report rang through the house, followed by a heavy Elson jerked the door open and dashed into the hallway. A light was burning dimly and he saw a man, a stranger, run-ning toward him. When the man saw Elson he leveled a pistol at him. The young lawyer, however, was an athlete and no coward. He sprang forward, knocked up the pistol with his left hand, and drove his right with telling science against the man's throat. The jugular is an ugly spot to hit, and the fellow went down in a heap

wrapper, and exclaimed in a constrained "Are you burt?"
"No," replied Elson swiftly. "I have the man here senseless. For God's sake tell me, has be injured any one?" "Yes, my papa. You must come at once

and help me.

as senseless as a log. At the same instant Nellie ran into the hallway, clad in a light

Even in that moment Elson stared at the girl in wonder at her self-control. He ran into his room, pulled the straps off his trunk, returned with them and fastened securely the arms and legs of the burglar. By this time the servants had made their appearance. 'Here," said Elson, handing the burglar's pistol to the butler; "drag that fellow into

use that on him. Then the young man ran to Mr. Breece's oom. He found Nellie bending over her father, who had fallen in the middle of the "He is shot in the neck," said the girl

my room, and, if he attempts to get away,

still with the same self-control. "Put him Elson went down on his knees, got his arms under Mr. Breece and rose with him. He laid him gently on the bed. "You are strong," said the girl quietly. "Call one of the servants."

The young man obeyed. 'Mary," said the girl, "go to the stable and wake Edward. Tell him to saddle Bonnie and go for Dr. Satterlee and bring face like a plaster cast, it would suit you; | cludes himself, Measrs. Tittany and Ridge.

the sofa in a dead faint. Throw a covering Elson did as she directed, and then said:

"Shall I not-"Do just as I say," said the girl decisive-It is in the buffet, which is not locked." Elson went into the hallway and de-livered the order. When he returned he found the girl with a basin of water and a towel beside her father.
"Hold this," she said, handing Elson the basin, while she began to wash the blood

from her father's neck.
"Wonderful!" thought the young lawyer. "Not a tear, no hysterics! Self-control and intelligence like a man. Who would have believed it?" "It is not a dangerous wound," said the girl, looking up. "That is, I think not. It

seems to have gone through a muscle only. However, the doctor lives near by and will soon be here. Ah, here is the brandy. Wait outside, Jane." The girl poured out a small glassful of

"You may raise him, Mr. Elson. Be a belief when I first saw you that you were shallow; but my heart knew better, and gentle," she said. The young man lifted the girl's unconscious father so that she could pour the brandy slowly into his mouth. In a few momente he sighed heavily and opened his

"Don't try to talk, papa," said the girl gently, but with firmness. Mr. Breece smiled feebly and pressed her hand. A minute later Mrs. Breece regained her consciousness and cried out: "Nellie! Nellie!"

The girl ran over to her and said: "I'm taking care of papa. Mr. Elson is helping me. Papa is not dangerously hurt, but you must be very quiet. Hark! There comes the doctor. Now lie quite still." Mrs. Breece sank back on the lounge and cried helplessly, but without much noise. The doctor entered the room and went immediately to the bedside,

"More light," he said. Elson at once turned up the gas and lit an additional burner.
"That's good," said the doctor, "what have you done for him?" "Bathed the wound with cold water and given him brandy," answered Nellie.
"Good girl!" said the doctor.

There was silence for a minute or two while the physician examined the wound.
"All right," he said cheerfully. "It's
a rather ugly flesh wound, Breece, and will cause you some pain; but it is not dangerous, and we'll have you around in two weeks. Don't talk."

Mr. Breece smiled and looked as brave as a man could look who was faint from loss of blood. During the next quarter of an hour Frederick Elson felt more helpless does not that settle the question beyond than he had ever felt in his life. While disputef Name him as soon as you get the physician was dressing the wound Nellie acted as his assistant, calmly ordering Elson about, and making him do the errands. Once he ventured to inserpose, "Miss Nellie," he said, "this is very trying

work for you. Let me-"
"Mr. Elson," she replied, interrupting him. "I am quite equal to the work, and I must be near papa."
"By Jove!" thought the young man, "I should say she was equal to the work. She's an everlasting miracle and mystery. "There," said the Doctor, having completed his work; "you're as comfortable as I can make you, Breece. Now, Miss Nellie. I must have the directions which I have given to you carried out to the letter. You must let me send up a nurse to-mor-

"I think that will be unnecessary," replied the girl. "I prefer to nurse papa myself." But you will need help."

"Well, I'm going to help her," said Elson, "But," said Nellie, "you have to return to the city to-morrow "I beg your pardon," said the lawyer, with some dignity; "I have to stay here." "Have you ever had any experience in nursing?" asked the Doctor. "Yes," said Elson, "I know how to obey a

physician's orders. "Good. Then we shall do very well. I'll be here about 9 o'clock again.' When the physician was gone, Elson whose manner toward Nellie had unconsciously become deferential, said:

"Your mother needs some attention." The girl nodded, and called in one of the servants. Mrs. Breece was removed to her daughter's room, and the maid left with her. The butler was instructed to send for the constable at daylight, and then the house once more settled down to a condition of quiet. Elson went and stood by the window a moment. He did not look out, however; his eyes were fixed on the face of the girl, who was bending over her father. The incidents of the night seemed to have brought out the latent force of her character. She was no longer a volatile, effervescent girl, but a serious, tender woman, with a marvelous self-command and acute perception. But Elson saw that the strain had told on her. Her face was very white, and there were dark rings under her eyes. He

walked over to her. "Miss Neilie. "What is it?" she said, looking up. "I wish to say a word to you." She arose and moved away from the side

of her father. "You need rest," said Elson. "Is that all?" said Nellie, turning back toward the bed. "No, that is not all," said Elson, kindly but firmly; "I wish you to lie down on that sofa. I will sit beside your father, and if

he wants you I will call you.' "But I do not wish to leave him." "You must remember that this will be long spell of nursing. You must husband your strength. She reflected a mement and then said:

"I think you are right." She went and lay down on the sofa. El son turned down the gas and seated himself beside the wounded man. "I have induced Miss Nellie to lie down." he said: "she must not overwork herself. The girl's father gave him a grateful look. For a few minutes all was silence. Then Elson fancied he heard a sound as of suppressed sobving. He went over to the sofa. The girl was lying quite still. with her eyes closed, but her cheeks were wet with tears. When Elson stopped, undecided, she opened her eyes and whispered:

"Did you hear me!" "Do you think he did?"

"Very well, then. Go back to him, and don't mind me.' Elson had a choking sensation in his throat, and a great feeling of reverence for the girl swept through him. He returned to his seat by the bedside and bowed his

head on his hands. A week later the young lawyer returned to the city. Mr. Breece had improved so much that the young man was no longer needed as a nurse, and he felt that his presence in the house was something of an intrusion now. The summer waned and the glory of September came. Mr. Breece had quite recovered, and was anxious to return to a consideration of his legal affairs. so he sent for Elson to come out to his house once more. The young man had been there several times to inquire as to the wounded man's progress, but his visite had been necessarily brief and somewhat formal. Now he packed his valise and prepared to go out on a Saturday afternoon to stay till Monday. As he drove through the gate he heard the sounds of laughter ringing under the trees, and a moment later he saw Nellie playing tennis with the three young men who were with her at the opening of this tale. For a moment something of the old distrust of the girl came to him, but then he smiled and said to him-

"She can't fool me now. I've seen what hes beneath the surface. And as he dismounted from the trap he Breece appeared at the door, greeted the young lawyer warmly, and led him into the house. Nellie bit her lip, and gazed after them with fishning cheeks. The next mo-The lawyer and his client were closeted for nearly two hours after dinner. Then Mr. Breece, who had not regained the full measure of his strength, owing to confinement in the warm weather, retired, leaving Eison in the dining-room with a cigar, a bottle of sherry, and some law papers. The young man read the papers through and smoked thoughtfully. Presently a light step sounded behind him, and he turned to

see Nellie entering the room. She stopped short on seeing him. "I did not know you were here," she said, in a constrained tone. "Am I in the wav?" he asked, gravely.

"Oh, no. I thought I might annoy you." "Annoy me? What makes you think "You look so dreadfully serious whenever you see me laugh, as if you didn't approve. "Didn't approvef Why, what right would

"I'm sure I don't know, but you don't approve. I suppose if I were to look like a carved tombstone all the time, or set my

"Is any one sickf" exclaimed Elson; "car

She sprang up and said sharply: "Mamma has a slight headache, and I don't need -" She stopped, trembled, and looked down. In another moment she spoke again in an altered voice. "You were good and kind then, Mr. Elson, and I am speaking so harshly. What will you think of me?"
She looked up into his face, and there

were tears in her eyes. The young man was stient for an instant, as he gazed at her. Then he said: "I shall always think of you as I thought then, and as I think now-as the loveliest. the sweetest, the tenderest of women.' "I think I hear mamma-let me go," said the girl.

Not yet-not ever, if I can keep you Nellie, I love you. Is there any answer to "Oh-Mr. Elson-I-I cannot think you mean that I-I-am sure you always looked down on me."

bungered for you. "When you first saw me?" "Yes, I have loved you from the first, Nellie. Answer me at once, Nellie; is there She looked up and smiled with wonderful sweetness.

"No, Nellie. I tried to argue myself into

"I think," she said, "it came there about the same time as yours for me.' -W. J. Henderson, in New York Times.

THE CROW AS A PET.

A Mischievous Bird That Can Be Taught to Talk Better than a Parrot.

Robert Curzon, in Nature's Realm. Crows make very amusing pets for any one who can put up with their innate spirit of deviltry, and besides that they can be taught to talk more distinctly than most parrots. It is a common idea among the country people that they will not talk unless their tongues are out at a certain tender age. Be that as it may, I have heard crows talk excellently that never had their tongues cut, and some whose tongues are cut never will talk at all. I always take my chances without cutting, and out of nearly a dozen that I have owned only two

proved void of a bump of language.

To be sure of having a good, affectionate crow, take him from the nest as soon after hatching as you can find bim. If it is the first of the brood batched all the better. How are you to tell that? Why, if you find home. It is a good plan to have a family consultation on this subject, for a rechristening is fatal to the proper education of your callow charge. Always call him by name whenever you feed him. He will learn his name before he knows what feathers are, and respond to it whenever be hears it uttered. Feed, until balf fledged, on meal and water-regular "chicken-dough"-and if any "chicken sicknesses" come on consult the "chicken doctor." In other words, the young crow must be raised on about the same diet as a young chicken. Feed plenty and feed often. A crow's nest is the best thing to keep him in during his infantile days. If you haven't one make a substitute. As he grows in strength and is able to travel about a little he needs more variety in his food, but be careful he does not swallow anything that is very salt. Dump a handfu! of gravel down his mouth occasionally, and give him min-nows and frogs once in a while. Swallowing his first live frog seems to give a young crow a most agreeable new sensation. Do not be in any hurry about making him bathe. He will wash himself whenever it is necessary, and if taken and plunged into cold water while the pin feathers are full of blood, it may cause him to literally "catch his death o' cold." As soon as he is well on the wing his language lessons should begin. Shut him up in a darkene room when well fed, and begin by whispering the word or phrase you wish him to learn. If he seems to listen repeat it a little louder, and continue until he either grows restless or goes to sleep. It will be but a few minutes. Repeat the same lesson and nothing else every time you visit him or pass within hearing for a week or ten days, and if your crow don't talk in that time he probably never will. Generally they will begin to practice to themseves the first or second day of their imprisonment. but once a word or phrase is learned others will quickly follow. If really talented, you can make your crow appear to answer a question. For instance, call his name gently and add "what" in a loud, emphatic tone, Soon, when his name is called, he will respond "what" with just the same emphasis and inflection that he has heard you give. Then, again, if you say "It's dinner time" whenever you feed him, some day he will walk into the house hungry and gravely announce, "It's dinner time," As he grows in years and knowledge your crow will develop a variety of thievish and amusing tricks too numerous to mention. He will cultivate the most friendly acquaintance with some people and show an unaccountable animosity toward others. He will attend you part way whenever you leave home, and, if your hours of return are regular, will probably meet you at the same spot and welcome you exuberantly. Every time be fails to do so look for him at once; he will either be in some utterly entrancing bit of mischief or else

"Old Hutch's" Start in Life. Boston Globe "Old Hutch," when a lad, worked in the same store at North Reading, Mass., with Hon. Tilly Haynes, the proprietor of the United States Hotel in this city.

Mr. Haynes tells this story: "About the year 1840, being then a lad just entering my teens, I was employed at a salary of \$30 a year in a country store kept by a Mr. Foster at North Reading. Ben Hutchinson, a lanky boy of about my own age, came over from Danvers and secured a situation in the same store at a yearly salary of \$20. There was no end to the work we two boys had to perform. We were up in the morning at daylight and toiling still at 10 and 11 o'clock at night. "We carried a stock of goods embracing everything from a jewsharp to a crowbar, and if not waiting upon customers, always had plenty to do. At the back of the store was a workshop, where Ben had to mend shoes at odd times, while I used to have to

get ont a bundle of drilling, and cut out "The village postoffice was in the store, and I also had to prepare the mail every morning for the stage, which was then the mail-carrier from Reading to Boston. This performance of the duties of postmaster was the secret of my salary being \$10 more a year than Ben's—for Ben labored under the disadvantage of not being able to read (handwriting) -and this difference in salary was a constant irritation to him, causing

him to growl continually. "After Ben had been in the store about a year he secured an old shed from Foster and started an extremely primitive shoe-shop, hiring boys to help him on different parts of the work. Every Saturday he took the product of his week's work over his shoulder and walked to Lynn, which was then getting to be something of a shoe town, to dispose of his stock. He would then lay in a stock of notions, which, during the following week, would capture the greater part of the salary paid to his em-

ployes during the week previous. "Finally Ben went to Lynn and started shoe-shop, where he made some money. but having learned that there was more money to be made in the commission busi-ness, he came to Boston, and for a few years had an office on Pearl street and drove a profitable trade. Getting the Western fever about 1855, he went to Milwankee for awhile, and eventually drifted to Chi-

Good News. Visiting Aunty-So the school-children have been celebrating Arbor day?

cago, where he piled up his milliona.

School Child-Yes, and it was just splen-"What did you do?" "Oh, everything. We had speeches and addresses, and spoke pieces and dialogues, and we had music, oh, lots of it, and over eight hundred school children sang a grand chorus, and five boys' bands played, and then we had a parade of two thousan school-children all dressed in red, white and blue."

"How many trees did you plant?" "One."

Me Lord, Your Carriage Walte. Minneapolis Tr bune

Mr. James Gordon Beanett has become a stage-driver in France. He has established a line of coaches between Paris and St. Germain, and his corps of drivers inway and two French noblemen. How the The servant departed in haste.

"Mr. Elson," said Nellie, "mamma is on search among the bottles."

And she turned to the buffet, bent down, famous editor would have fumed and foaned if anybody had told him his boy would come to this.